THE

BANISH'D

BEAUTY:

OR, A

Fair FACE in *Diſgrace*,

A

POEM.

Is She not Fair, as Painting can expreſs,
Or Youthful Poets fancy when they love? Rowe.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by T. READ, in *White-Fryers*, *Fleetſtreet*, and by the Bookſellers of LONDON and WESTMINSTER. 1729.

(Price Sixpence.)

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THE BANISHED BEAUTY

OR A

Fair FACE in Disgrace.

A

POEM.

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JUNE 15, 1927

Is She not Fair, or Painters can explain,
Or Tumbl'ed Hearts Fancy when they lose? Rowe.

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THE *BANISH'D* BEAUTY.

LET jarring Realms, and *Europe*'s doubtful State,
Of Politicians be the dull Debate,
Stocks, languish'd Trade, let such, their Subject make,
And plead, and bellow for their *Country's* Sake;
A more important Theme demands the Muse,
A Theme, She neither can, nor dares refuse,

A Theme, from whence her faireſt Lawrels ſpring,
Which firſt inſpir'd, and taught her firſt to ſing;
'Tis Beauty calls her; and in Beauty's Cauſe,
Her Lays are ready, and her Pen ſhe draws;
Yet think *Clariſſa!* what her Pangs muſt be,
To ſing in Sorrow, when ſhe ſings of Thee.

In matchleſs Luſtre lately did'ſt thou ſhine,
Nor knew the *Court* a brighter Name than Thine?
Of Wit and Beauty had'ſt thou ev'ry Grace?
(Thy *Mind* the only Rival of thy *Face*;)
O'er thy own Sex triumphant did'ſt thou reign,
And bid them put forth all their Charms in vain?
Was this thy Empire, till *Lorenzo*'s Ire,
Mean and inglorious, did thy Fall conſpire?
To his dread *Liege* thy keen Rebukes convey'd,
And gave thy weak deſpairing Sex his Aid?
If ſo he thinks, *His* Triumph let it be,
And ſtill new Cauſe of juſt Contempt from *Thee*;
Thy Wrongs, *bright Exile!* like thy ſelf endure,
And let the Muſe thy injur'd Beauty cure;
The Muſe with faithful Service ſhall attend,
And be, at all Events, *Clariſſa*'s Friend,
With joyful Pains Thy every Merit trace,
And ſhew Thee even bright'ned by *Diſgrace*.

Nor think thy Beauty claims her Lays alone,
She has a Debt of Gratitude to own,
Since in her Cauſe, you wag'd a generous War,
And urg'd your *Stout* Antagoniſt ſo far,
That, thy ſuperior Arguments to cloſe,
He vengeful, made the *Court* and *Beauty*, Foes.

The Task be thine, at large, much envied G——*y!*
Thy own, and every Muſe's Debt to pay,
Nor let the *Fair*, who roſe in the Defence
Of *Wit*, *juſt Satyr*, *Truth*, and *common Senſe*,
In Theſe her Moments of *Diſhonour*, find,
Thy *pointed* Numbers, like the C—— unkind.

From bold *MACHEATH* awhile thy Rage withdraw,
And let him, ſtill uncenſur'd, brave the Law,
Attack, Deſpoil, with a rapacious Hand,
And deal to Tools the *Plunder* of a *Land*;
Give him, *kind Bard!* the Grace of *thy* Reprieve,
And to his own dark *Breaſt* the *Robber* leave;
He'll find, when trembling late with Guilt and Fear,
No *Stings*, no *Satire* are excluded *There*.
Lorenzo be thy Satire's preſent View;
'Tis a Reſentment to *Clariſſa* due:

Ask him, what Warmth could urge him to deſpiſe
The brighteſt *Judgment*, and the brighteſt *Eyes*;
Could it arraign his *Prudence*, to ſubmit,
When *Beauty* ſoft'ned the Attacks of *Wit*?
Or could it taint his *Honour*, to be meek,
And, unreſenting, hear a *Lady* ſpeak?

When *Greece* and *Troy*, as ſay Great *Homer*'s Strains,
With fierce embatt'led Numbers throng'd the Plains,
And when their claſhing Arms, and Martial Rage
Did in their Conteſts all the *Gods* engage;
Unaw'd, in Slaughter did *Tydides* move,
And wound with daring Arm the *Queen of Love*?
Rough was *He* form'd, unfaſhion'd for a Court,
War was his *Feaſt*, and *Cruelty* his *Sport*:
From Him, *Lorenzo*, would'ſt Thou Pattern take?
In Courage, firſt, Thyſelf an equal make:
But 'twas Thy Merit to be train'd *Polite*,
And rather taught the Art to *Wooe*, than *Fight*.
At Beauty's Altar daily did'ſt thou vow;
Then, whence a Carriage quite ſo diff'rent, *now*?
Could'ſt Thou not uſe, for once, the *Courtier's* Guile,
Careſs thy Foe, and tho' offended, Smile?

Rallied by Woman, think it no Diſgrace?
And let her *Tongue* be pardon'd, for her *Face?*
Such is the Conduct ſhould *Lorenzo* boaſt;
Were not *Lorenzo* in the *Stateſman* loſt.
Repent of *lovely Woman* thy Diſdain,
And to thy *former Self* return again:
Make Thy Submiſſion to the *Baniſh'd Fair*,
Confeſs her Beauty, and her Wrongs repair.

No, no, *Lorenzo* is too proud to yield,
And when he once has gain'd, to quit the Field;
The Sanction of his *Dignity* and *Poſt*,
With Inſolence unparallell'd, He'll boaſt,
Facts charg'd upon him, nor deny, nor own,
But poorly fly for Shelter to the——

What! by *Lorenzo* is That——abus'd,
At which, his *ROYAL MASTER* ſtood accus'd?
Freſh Charges does he ſtill preſume to bring,
And in the *injur'd PRINCE*, to court the *KING?*
Whilſt frantick Humours in his Brain prevail,
Trots He induſtrious on each *Goſſip's* Tale?
Does He at *Empire*, and at *Beauty* ſtrike?
And wound his *SOVEREIGN*, and the *Fair* alike?

Once

Once more, diſdain, *Clariſſa!* to repine,
And let the Muſe aſſure the Conqueſt Thine;
The Luſtre of the *Court* impair'd we ſee,
(Impair'd indeed,——becauſe depriv'd of Thee;)
In thy Diſgrace the *Firſt* does more than Share;
The *Baniſhment* is *Thine*; The *Loſs* is *There*.

F I N I S.